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FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.—AFTER HARTMANN.

## THE ALDINE.

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## TERRITORIAL DEVELOPMENT OF FRANCE.

WM. F. ALLEN.

WE have heard so much, within these last few months, of the "natural" and "historical" boundaries of France, that it seems worth while to inquire precisely what is meant by these terms; what are the natural boundaries of France, and what have actually been its boundaries at different periods of its national existence?

We, at the present day and in this country, should not be inclined to give too much weight to either of these considerations. We recognize the abstract right of any community to decide for itself what shall be its relations to other communities; and we care less whether Savoy, for instance, used to belong to France a thousand years ago, or whether its river system belongs to that of France or that of Italy, than whether the present interests and the sympathies of its people attract them to the one or the other country. Still it is clear that there are such things as natural boundaries; that mountain ranges regularly separate nations, while rivers are rather bonds of union and intercourse. In this point of view, Savoy may fairly be said to belong, *naturally*, to France, seeing that it is, physically, part of the Rhone Valley. This very illustration, however, shows how dangerous an argument that of "watersheds" is. Nations have a habit of laying claim, on the ground of security and natural affinity, to any bit of land that adjoins their territories. Seeing that we Americans are by no means free from this form of "land hunger," it does not become us to be too hard upon the French for coveting their neighbors' territories. But, of course, what is true of Savoy is true of Valais and Vaud; and we shall see presently that they belong together historically, as well as physically.

The present generation, however, has become accustomed to another kind of natural boundaries, depending not upon physical geography, but upon *nationality*. In this sense, the natural boundaries of France are those which would contain the French people. Now, the French are, in the main, a Celtic people, with a Teutonic infusion, speaking a language of Latin derivation; so that, on the theory of nationalities, their northern and eastern boundary would be the line which separates this essentially Celtic population from its Teutonic neighbors. It is true that the inhabitants of southwestern France are of Iberian rather than of Celtic descent, and would, therefore, belong to Spain; but this is a case in which the physical boundary, the Pyrenees, carries the day over that of race. Again, the Teutonic infusion differs in different parts of France. In the north it is Frankish, in the southeast Burgundian, in the southwest Gothic; but these differences are of slight importance compared with the essential one—a mixed people, speaking a Romano-Saxon tongue, by the side of a purely Teutonic people who speak German and Dutch.

So much for the natural boundary; now for the historical. Modern France coincides so nearly with ancient Gaul that the two terms are sometimes used as equivalent, and it requires something of an effort to rid oneself of the notion that they are really identical, and to appreciate the slow stages and the various means, honorable and dishonorable, by which France has come to her present extent. Much of this growth has been wholly legitimate, in incorporating territory which fairly may be said to belong to France, on either definition of natural boundaries—physical (that is, mountain ranges) or ethnological. It should be remarked, likewise, that territories acquired by France have, as a rule, been treated with the greatest fairness and liberality, and placed at once on the footing of her older provinces, so that they have developed a national feeling rapidly and very strongly. This results partly from the highly centralized character of the French government, partly from the fact that the acquisitions have, to so large an extent, been natural and homogeneous ones. Whatever the cause, the result is a

remarkable degree of harmony and homogeneity in the provinces of France, as compared with those of the other great powers of the Continent. Mr. Freeman, no partial critic, remarks, in illustrating, by comparison, the relation of Sparta, Athens and Thebes to the other communities of Laconia, Attica and Boeotia: "Russia has force enough to keep down all internal enemies; France (whatever its ruler may have) has no internal enemies to keep down; Austria is, like Thebes, helpless from internal dissensions."

In tracing the territorial development of France, it is essential, first of all, to dismiss from the mind the old notion that French history begins with the Merovingian dynasty, and that Clovis and Charles the Great were French kings. The history of France begins with the division of the Carolingian empire in the ninth century; the earlier history is that of the Franks, a *German* race who ruled over nearly the whole of Gaul, and all of Germany that had yet come within the domain of Christianity and civilization. The history of the Franks is practically the history of Western Europe during the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries; and the Frankish dominions, at the close of the eighth century, comprised all of western Christendom, except England and part of Spain and Italy. When these dominions were divided between the grandsons of Charlemagne, the two northern divisions (those which became Germany and France) still called themselves Franks—east and west; and it is almost by an accident that we have come to attach this name peculiarly to the inhabitants of the western division. They retained it as the name of the entire nation, since the whole of Gaul had belonged to the Frankish kingdom. But the eastern Franks ruled only a small part of Germany. They had conquered the Thuringians in the center, but the Saxons in the North and the Bavarians in the South remained independent until the time of Charlemagne. Consequently the Franks were only one of the German tribes, and, in the united nation, formed only one of the five great duchies. Even now the Germans call Franconia *Franken*, and France *Frankreich*.

The Merovingian and Carolingian kings, therefore, were *Frank*, not *French*. Even under the Merovingian, however, the separate nationalities were beginning to develop. Neustria, the chief seat of their power, had that mixed population which afterwards became French; its capital (so far as it had one) was Paris, and its territory was the kernel of modern France. But Austrasia, with its capital (Metz), was almost purely German; and when Austrasia triumphed, under the Carolingian kings, the result was to shift back the balance of power to the German part of the nation. The Carolingians were therefore more distinctly German than the Merovingians had been; their capital was no longer Paris, or even Metz, but Aachen (Aix-la-chapelle); and even after the division took place, the later Carolingian kings of what was now really France kept as near Germany as possible, making Laon their capital. The long struggle between these princes at Laon (Charles the Simple, Louis d'Outremer, &c.) and the dukes of the French at Paris (Eudes, Hugh the Great and Hugh Capet), was a struggle between the old German line and a new purely French line; the final triumph of Hugh Capet was the triumph of French nationality.

It was, to be sure, no nation, but a loose group of feudal states, that Hugh Capet began to rule over in 987; but there was already a distinctly developed nationality. As early as this time, Paris, the royal seat of the new dynasty, was the center of the new nationality; and this fact will help to account for the peculiarly centralized character of the French monarchy, and for the degree in which Paris—more than any other capital in Europe—is the leader and representative of its nation. French nationality has, so to speak, spread out from Paris; German and English nationality has been formed by union.

The territories of France at this time (that is, the states, if we may call them so, which stood in a feudal relation to the king) stretched, in general terms, from the Mediterranean to the Scheldt, and from the Atlantic to the Meuse and Rhone—longer from north to south, and narrower from east to west than now. It included Flanders, which it has lost, and did not include Lorraine, Alsace, Franche Comté, Lyons, Dauphiné and Provence. France has therefore lost her territory on the north, and gained it on the east. In tracing the history of these changes,

we shall, of course, for the most part, disregard small and unimportant districts, and confine ourselves to the great provinces.

When the Carolingian empire was divided among the three sons of Louis the Pious, in 843, it was deemed essential that the emperor, Lothair, should hold both capitals, Rome and Aachen. He received, therefore, besides the kingdom of Italy, a long, narrow strip, reaching from the Mediterranean to the North Sea, and separating the kingdoms of Charles the Bald and Louis the German. This border land soon fell apart into two independent kingdoms, Lotharingia and Burgundy. Of these, Lotharingia, that is, the greater part of Holland and Belgium, Lorraine, and the most of the territory between these and the Rhine, soon united itself with Germany, to which it belonged by speech and blood; and we find Lothringen as one of the five great German duchies, with Sachsen, Franken, Bayern and Schwaben. The Kingdom of Burgundy, or Arles, comprised the western half of Switzerland, and the provinces of modern France which lie east of the Saone and Rhone. These provinces, for the most part, were of mixed population and Roman speech, and were attracted to France by affinities of language and race. On this side, the physical boundary, the Alps, fell in with the natural boundary of nationality. For all this, the Kingdom of Burgundy was, in the eleventh century, united with Germany, of which it became an integral part, retaining, however, its nominal independence as a kingdom, so that the emperors were crowned at Arles, as well as at Aachen, Milan and Rome.

Natural tendencies were, however, too strong for political arrangements, and the entire Kingdom of Burgundy, except its Swiss portions, has joined itself, a piece at a time, to France. The French Duchy of Burgundy, it should be remarked, had nothing to do with the *kingdom*. It was west of the Saone, and belonged to France from the first, deriving its name from the fact of its having formed a part of the early barbarian kingdom of the Burgundians, in the fifth century.

During the splendid period of the empire (from the middle of the eleventh century to the middle of the thirteenth) it, of course, kept a firm hold upon these outlying provinces; but, in the fourteenth century, when Germany was falling to pieces and France consolidating and growing, the Burgundian provinces began to desert their connection with a weak and foreign realm for a strong and related one. Lyons and Dauphiné both were united to France in this century, and the empire was so weak and distracted that it neglected even to insist on the recognition of its feudal supremacy. Provence retained its nominal independence longer. Its heiress had married Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, who was invested by the Pope with the Kingdom of Naples in 1265, and founded there that powerful Angevin dynasty which gave a line of kings to Hungary, and ended with the wicked Joanna II. in 1435. When the Aragonese house succeeded in Naples, the rival claimants of the house of Anjou still retained Provence, and here the last of them, the "good King Réné," father of Queen Margaret of England, held his petty court of minstrels and troubadours. After his death Provence passed, by inheritance, to France; this Angevin line being a collateral branch of the royal house of France.

Now, the whole of Cis-juran Burgundy had become annexed to France, except the province of Upper Burgundy, so called—the free country, *Franch Comté*, of the empire. This province had a singular career. Just as Provence had come by marriage to the Angevin princes, so Franche Comté, also an imperial fief, had come by marriage, together with Flanders and Artois, to Philip the Bold, founder of the famous ducal house of Burgundy (1364). The extensive dominions of his great-grandson, Charles the Bold, at his death in 1477, embraced Burgundy (the duchy) and Flanders, French fiefs; and Holland, Brabant, Franche Comté and other provinces, fiefs of the empire. He was at once, therefore, a prince of the empire and a peer of France. It was natural that such a complication of feudal relations—especially in an age when the feudal system was dying, and in the case of a prince who was practically no one's vassal—should be lost sight of, and these provinces, ruled by a succession of able and vigorous dukes, should be regarded rather as forming an independent group, than as a part either of Germany or France. And so we find them in the

sixteenth century, in their revolt. Flanders, indeed, had practically won its independence in the time of the Van Arteveldes, in the fourteenth century; and after this time seems never to have been regarded as a dependency of France. On the death of Charles the Bold, Louis XI. seized Burgundy as an unquestioned French province, while Flanders passed, with Holland, Brabant, Franche Comté, and the other Lotharingian provinces to Charles V. and Philip II. It remained for Louis XIV. to possess himself, finally, of Franche Comté in 1678, the last relic of the Kingdom of Burgundy, except the western cantons of Switzerland, and the Duchy of Savoy.

We have spoken of the loss of Flanders and the acquisition of the Burgundian provinces; changes which took place in the Middle Ages. Of the acquisitions made since the commencement of modern history, space will not allow us to speak at length. The three bishoprics of Metz, Toul and Verdun were perfidiously seized by Henry II. in 1552; the rest of Lorraine was the subject of a "family compact" of Louis XV., and came into the possession of France in 1766. Alsace was a piece of pure plunder, in one of the most disgraceful series of wars in all history. The bargain by which Savoy and Nice became part of France belongs to contemporary history. The acquisition, therefore, of the Lotharingian provinces, we can not regard in the same light with the healthy and legitimate movement in the southeast. It has no defense, whether in the manner of the acquisition, or on the ground of physical boundaries, or of the claims of nationality. To be sure, if we look only to historical geography, we must admit that France has just as much legal right to Flanders as Germany to Alsace and Lorraine. But we, at the present day, must recognize the legitimacy of those movements which gave Provence to France and severed Flanders from her; and, if the extension of her eastern borders had been equally national and healthy, we might overlook the irregularity of her proceedings. As it is, we can hardly blame Germany if she has again possessed herself of provinces which are hers by nature and by right, and which she lost only through force and fraud.

#### SCIENTIFIC FANCIES.

To a being placed on some far-distant orb, whence light would occupy thousands of years to wing its flight to us, there would be presented, if he turned his gaze upon our earth, and if his vision were adequate to tell him of her aspect, the picture of events which, thousands of years since, really occurred upon her surface. For the light which left the earth at that time, winging its way through space with the account, if we may so speak, of those occurrences, is now traveling as swiftly as when it left our earth, but amid regions of space removed from us by a light-journey thousands of years in duration. And thus, to the observer on this distant orb, the events which happened in those far-off years would seem to be actually in progress.

Suppose that a being armed with such powers of vision as we have imagined should watch from the neighborhood of our earth the progress of some interesting event. If he then began to travel from the earth at a rate equal to that at which light travels, he would see one phase of the event continually present before him, because he would always be where the light-message recording that event was actually traveling. By passing somewhat less swiftly away, he would see the event taking place with singular slowness; while by passing away more swiftly he would see the event occurring in inverted order. Suppose, for example, he were watching the battle of Waterloo, he could gaze on the fine picture presented by the Imperial Guard as they advanced upon the English army, for hours, years, nay, for centuries or cycles; or he might watch the whole progress of the charge occurring so slowly that years might elapse between each step of the advancing column, and the bullets which mowed down their ranks might either seem unmoving, or else appear to wend their way with scarcely perceptible motion through the air; or, finally, he might so wing his flight through space that the Guard would seem to retreat, their dead men coming to life as the bullets passed from their wounds, until, at length, the Old Guard would be seen as it was when it began its advance.—*From R. A. Proctor's "Other Worlds than Ours."*

#### SPRING FLOWERS.

M. R. W.

APRIL has dallied with us too long,  
Now putting us off with a robin's song.  
Now out of a cloud of gusty glooms,  
Nodding and tossing her alder plumes,  
As if they were sprays of Summer-blooms;  
Anon, with the sunshine on her crown,  
Shifting her cloak, all ragged and brown,  
To give us glimpses of her green gown,  
Lifting her veil, or glimmering through,  
Just to let us see how blue, how blue  
Are her eyes, the deep, enchanting hue  
Which brims the liverleaf's cup with blue.

It is time for April's flowers to show  
Along the hem of her gown's soft flow.  
I plucked the earliest, long ago,  
From a cloud-piled field of sunset-sky,  
Ere the wild March-snows had drifted by;  
Lilac, white, and the delicate dye  
Tinging the cheeks of anemones,  
Pearl-color, pink of the buds that drink  
At a brown brook's mossy, flower-fringed brink,  
And rare, even on those upper leas.  
That luminous tint of clear pale green,  
Which only blooms in the sky, I ween.

It is time for April's flowers to show  
Along the hem of her gown's soft flow.  
I plucked the earliest, long ago,  
When robin the wizard's song was new.  
A vision of blossoms serenely blue,  
Breathing shy, delicate odors forth,  
Appeared and vanished, a faery-birth,  
A vision by robin conjured forth.  
But it comes no more; the robins sing,  
And I wait with closed eyes, listening,  
But the sky-blue flowers, with starry eyes  
And odorous breath, no more arise.

#### BABIES, BARNACLES, AND BOOKS.

FRANCIS TIFFANY.

DID you ever take your baby or even your three-year-old to a photograph-room to have its picture taken? If so, then you know the most exasperating way of spending a morning the fall of Adam has entailed in retribution on man. And why? Because to get a satisfactory picture, it is absolutely indispensable that baby, camera, and iodized plate shall come to a common focal agreement about the matter. Now as to fulfilling her part of the compact, baby will not and will be hanged if she will, whether you bribe her with lumps of sugar, shake a rattle at her with the vim of a watchman just lighted on a nest of burglars, or crow like a rooster till your lungs ache. The patient camera and the sensitive iodized plate are all ready and waiting to transmit and react on a definite impression; but baby vows they shall have an endless series of impressions, that she will kick up her feet, swing up her arms, and twist eyes, nose and mouth into endless contortions, to her heart's content. Eminently satisfactory to her, the wanton innocent, but what is the result recorded on the plate? A general whir and buzz of baby, a vivid presentation of baby in the transitory state of being exploded into fragments by a bursting bomb-shell—very agonizing to the maternal mind to contemplate.

Now, at the very outset, of this paper I would like to realize to my readers how perpetually the majority of them are enacting the part of just this tumultuous, multitudinous, marplot baby and doing all in their personal power to prevent the possibility of certain pictures being taken in themselves. Camera! why what is each one of us but a camera—just here in his eyes? Delicate iodized plate! why what is each one of us but a delicate iodized plate—just here in that quick and miraculous sensibility within which responds to forms and colors and sounds and thoughts and emotions? Around us is the majestic universe, its starry heavens, its forests and vales, its meadows and rivers, its young men and maidens, its whole wondrous story of physical law, social order, beauty of affection, range of thought. Each aspect of this vast whole is raying out light-beams and streaming in upon us to grave its individual image indelibly within—an image which shall become part of us and go with us and furnish food of intelligence and feeling wherever we may be. And each such several aspect is craving what of us? Why one boon only; that we shall keep perfectly still, that we shall simply lift the curtain from the lens and be sure not to jog the plate, that we shall patiently allow the requisite time for the image to burn itself in.

Meanwhile, the majority of us are responding how? Either, on the one hand, shutting tight our eyes, or on the other, wheeling them round in fifty directions at once and so setting on an internal whir and buzz of impressions which can only result in confusion worse confounded. One second at one thing and the next at another, till life, nature and books are mirrored in our minds very much after the manner in which our adored Ellen's face would be mirrored in a pool which a boy was stirring into an imitation ocean with a revolving stick—her nose now a yard long and anon a pug of an inch, her mouth now a gimlet-hole and anon a yawning gulf at the bare idea of falling into which one starts back shuddering.

The first lesson then to be enforced in any sane talk about reading and its uses is the indispensable necessity of forming habits of close and protracted attention. Riveting the mind on an object means one thing and one thing only. It means giving that object a chance to have its photograph taken and hung up in the picture gallery of your mind. You do not take the picture any more than the photographer does. You simply supply the conditions. The picture takes itself. And it takes itself adequately just as the actinic rays stream full and fair on the object, just as these rays are thence reflected in sharp, straight-darting lines upon the sensitive plate within the darkened chambers of the soul. You cannot with impunity play the part of the irrepressible baby here. For upon the number and variety of such faithful transcripts hung up in the mental picture-gallery within, upon their precision of outline, range of subject, delicacy of shading, warmth of color, and glow of feeling, depends the whole question of your rank in the scale of intelligence, taste and feeling.

So much for this first point. Now let us glance at another.

We mortals have a high and lofty way of speaking contemptuously of barnacles, oysters, mussels, etc., because the hapless creatures are merely glued on back-end to the rocks, and can help themselves no farther than to throw out their little tentacles or feelers and draw in what chances to come along. But all contempt is dangerous. Better pause a moment and consider the matter more curiously. There is compensation in every lot. And only see how luminously we can trace it here. Why, even Mahomet the prophet, the founder of a religion embraced by millions, had to go to the mountain when the mountain would not come to him. But the barnacle sticks it out just where he is, and says: "No; I won't budge. Here, you huge, burnt-out, gone-to-rack old moon, high aloft there! Think your work is all over and done, because the astronomers have given you 'a written character' that you have dried in all your moisture and solidified all your atmosphere, and are no more fit to support any form of life! Not so fast, old slag and ashes! Get straight into harness and employ your brute momentum in dragging a great mountain of a tidal wave clean round the globe every four and twenty hours! Do it steadily, year in and year out, without ever letting the traces slack. This will help to solve my private problem. If I can not go to the ocean, why, then, I'll make the ocean come to me and bring me the daintiest and most multifarious larva of animalcules and sea-milk."

Now—I beg everybody's pardon! but what are the majority of us, to all intents and purposes, but just so many barnacles. Here we are guyed down, like Gulliver, by every hair of the head to one spot in life. Try to get up and run away. You find you can do it only at the expense of tearing off the whole scalp. No; Johnny has tight hold of one hair, and Tommy of another, and Susan of another; Mrs. H—— grasps you by a whole handful; the kitchen, the school, the counting-room, the work-bench, each has its tight grip on you. Run away? It would be like a real barnacle trying to make off with Dover Cliff to which he is anchored.

"No, no; give in gracefully and put on no empty airs. You are a barnacle. You can not go wherever you would like to go—to Florida, Italy, Iceland, Hindostan. You must stick it out in Wall Street, Yonkers, Shoe-Town, Boilerville. You can not frequent just the society you would like to have; you must put up with Tom, Dick and Harry just around you, and make the best of it. Very well, if you are a barnacle, then have the sublime moral consciousness of the species, and do not make your little brothers on the rocks blush for your degeneracy. Shout out bravely "Amen! if I can not go to Flori-

da, Italy, Iceland or Hindostan, then I will make Florida, Italy, Iceland and Hindostan come to me; if I can not go to the sages, wits, discoverers, poets, then I'll contrive to reverse the matter and yoke in something strong as sun and moon to draw them from all quarters and make them stand, cap in hand, in my all-compelling presence."

Yes, and what is the best of the matter, you can do it. We all recall the clothing-establishment that had its advertisements printed in rhyme and announced, in flaming characters, "WE KEEP A POET." Are we to be outdone by a clothing-house? Not I, for one. If I am glued tight to home, why shouldn't I keep a Humboldt and send him down into all the sulphureous, smoky, pestilential craters I want to know something about, or make him lug a barometer up to the very top of Chimborazo, so as to inform me just how high it is. Do I not thus get the good of all he sees and escape the rattlesnakes, yellow fevers, tics and chigoes he is infested with? If I am surrounded with too prosaic associations, why should I not keep a poet—one with his garlands and singing-robes about him—a Milton, a Shakespeare, a Dante, and make him wander through Eden and set what he sees to music for me, or show me how flame-souled Romeos or Juliets love under moonlit Venetian skies, or report, with appalling exactness, all the lurid horrors of the regions of the damned?

There is no such hopeless limitation or misery involved in being a barnacle, as long as you have the whole vast ocean to feed you, and the sun and moon fighting for you in their very courses; no such hopeless limitation and misery, that is, if only you are conscious of the resplendent arrangements, and thankful for them, and reaping from them the fullest benefit. But unless we are continually importing into our narrow anchorage-grounds new and fresh ideas, seen through the luminous eyes of travelers, discoverers, thinkers, poets—unless a steady tidal wave is ever bringing us news from India, Egypt, Greece—unless we are living in companionship with Plutarch heroes, England's worthies, the men and women who, under all skies, have joyed in life and made it worthy of joying in—oh, then, the pity of it, the pity of it!

The humblest village in which your lot may be cast has in it a little library which offers to you and to your children a chance to sail the seas with Columbus and discover new continents—a chance to fight with Napoleon all the way from the fiery sands of the Syrian Desert to the annihilating winter of Russian cold—a chance to laugh with Dickens till the endless oddities of human life open up before you an inexhaustible source of amusement. You can inaugurate reformation with Luther and counter-reformation with Loyola. You can join the crowds and hear Peter the Hermit preach his crusade; enlist under the banner of the cross; have a hand-to-hand combat with Saladdin himself; cleave the infidel to the chine, or get your own neck so dexterously severed by his razor-like cimeter that you have to shake your head to believe it is actually off, and then come home again, safe and sound, only to set out on a fresh voyage for Iceland, or help Washington try to catch Benedict Arnold, or hurry up to be in time to see the Northumberland weigh anchor for St. Helena with the emperor a prisoner on board.

#### OUR SCHILLER PORTRAIT.

CHARLES CARROLL.

SCHILLER is so familiar a figure in literary history that in publishing the portrait, which will be found on our first page, we may content us with the briefest of comment. Those conversant with biography will easily recall the main features of his life, which, for the convenience of many our readers, we can only sketch in the broadest outlines. Such are his birth at Weimar, his education at the *Karls Schule*, or Military Academy at Stuttgart, and early adoption of the medical profession. Then come his first efforts in dramatic poetry, "The Robbers," "Fiesco," and "Plot and Passion;" then his appointment as historical professor at Jena, and the

beginning of that intimacy with Goethe which had so marked an influence in modifying the theoretical views and creative efficiency of both these great poets. The analyst of character and sentiment will be interested to know of the calm and uneventful affection which culminated in his marriage with Caroline von Lengefeld; and the ultra republican will read, with democratic discontent, of the series of royal and princely acts of beneficence which eked out the great poet's scanty professional salary, favors which, in those days and in that society, not infrequently honored him that gave and him that took. Above all, the student of literature would be interested if we could trace here, from the rich material on hand, in memoirs, correspondence, and the like, the picture of his inner development and growth, in poetic and artistic regards, from the earlier exuberant efforts, the "Sturm und Drang" productions of his untamed muse, to the riper majesty and symmetry of "Maria Stuart," "Don Carlos," and "Wallenstein."

No one but will see, with sorrow, how a naturally delicate constitution, shaken by accidental disease of the lungs, gave way before the confining and exciting character of his work, and, as it is asserted, the injudiciously stimulating character of his daily

as much as the poet whom we have to thank for such enduring creations as "Maria Stuart" and "Wallenstein," "Tell" and "Don Carlos." His memory is still green in the love and reverence of all fresh, impulsive natures among his own countrymen, in all souls who are fitted to enjoy his lofty views of art, the keen analysis of his intellect, and the splendid vigor and picturesqueness of his poetic genius.

#### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

MARK TWAIN.

I WAS born November 30th, 1835. I continue to live, just the same.

Thus narrow, confined and trivial, is the history of a common human life!—that part of it, at least, which it is proper to thrust in the face of the public. And thus little and insignificant, in print, becomes this life of mine, which to me has always seemed so filled with vast personal events and tremendous consequences.

I could easily have made it longer, but not without compromising myself.

Perhaps no apology for the brevity of this account of myself is necessary.

And besides, why should I damage the rising prosperity of THE ALDINE?

Surely THE ALDINE has never done me any harm.

#### A PLEA FOR CANDOR.

THOMAS W. KNOX.

SEVERAL years ago, while preparing for a journey, I desired to purchase a certain article. We will suppose it was a pen-knife; but it was nothing of the kind. I entered a store devoted to the sale of goods such as I needed, and, after selecting several things, I asked for—well, a pen-knife. The shopkeeper told me that he had what I mentioned, but assured me that, for all practical purposes, the pen-knives were worthless.

"I would advise you to take a knife of this kind," he said, as he pointed to one whose size appalled me.

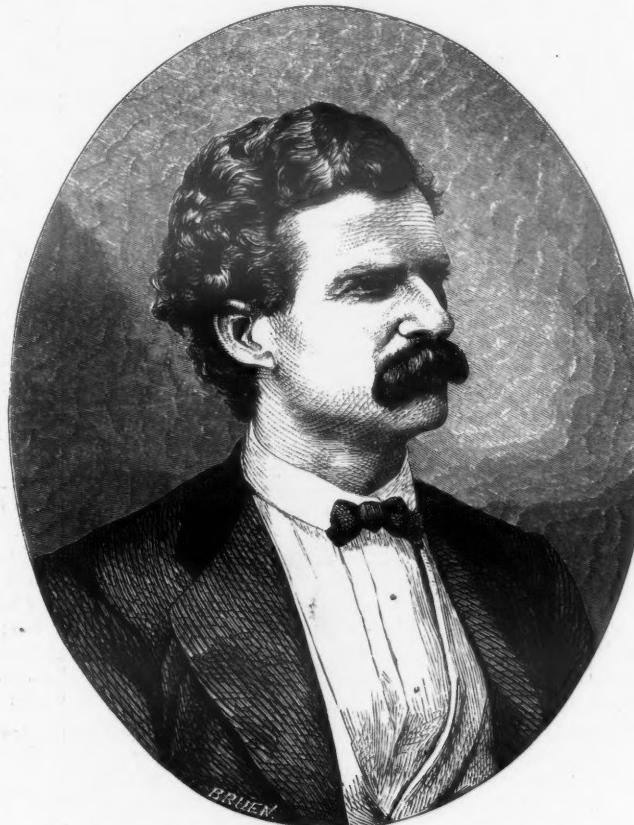
"But I can not carry it," I replied; "I am going where such a piece of baggage could not be transported; and, if I take anything of the kind, I must have only a pen-knife."

"If that is the case," he answered, "I would counsel you to carry nothing, as the pen-knives are useless. They look well and are pretty toys; but, for the purpose for which you want them, they are utterly unreliable."

I thanked him for his advice, and left without making the purchase I had intended.

How many merchants, shopkeepers, manufacturers, and all the class of men who live by selling to (and sometimes buying) others, would do as that man did? Very many men will call him an idiot for telling the truth about his own wares and thereby deterring a customer from making a purchase. But I do not believe that he lost money by his frankness; I have since gone several blocks out of my way to trade with him in preference to other men in the same line of business, and I have recommended my friends to his establishment with entire confidence that they would be fairly treated. From a mercantile point of view, the man's honesty could not have been questioned had he volunteered no information, and had I made the purchase and found afterward that all articles of that class were worthless, I never should have dreamed of blaming him.

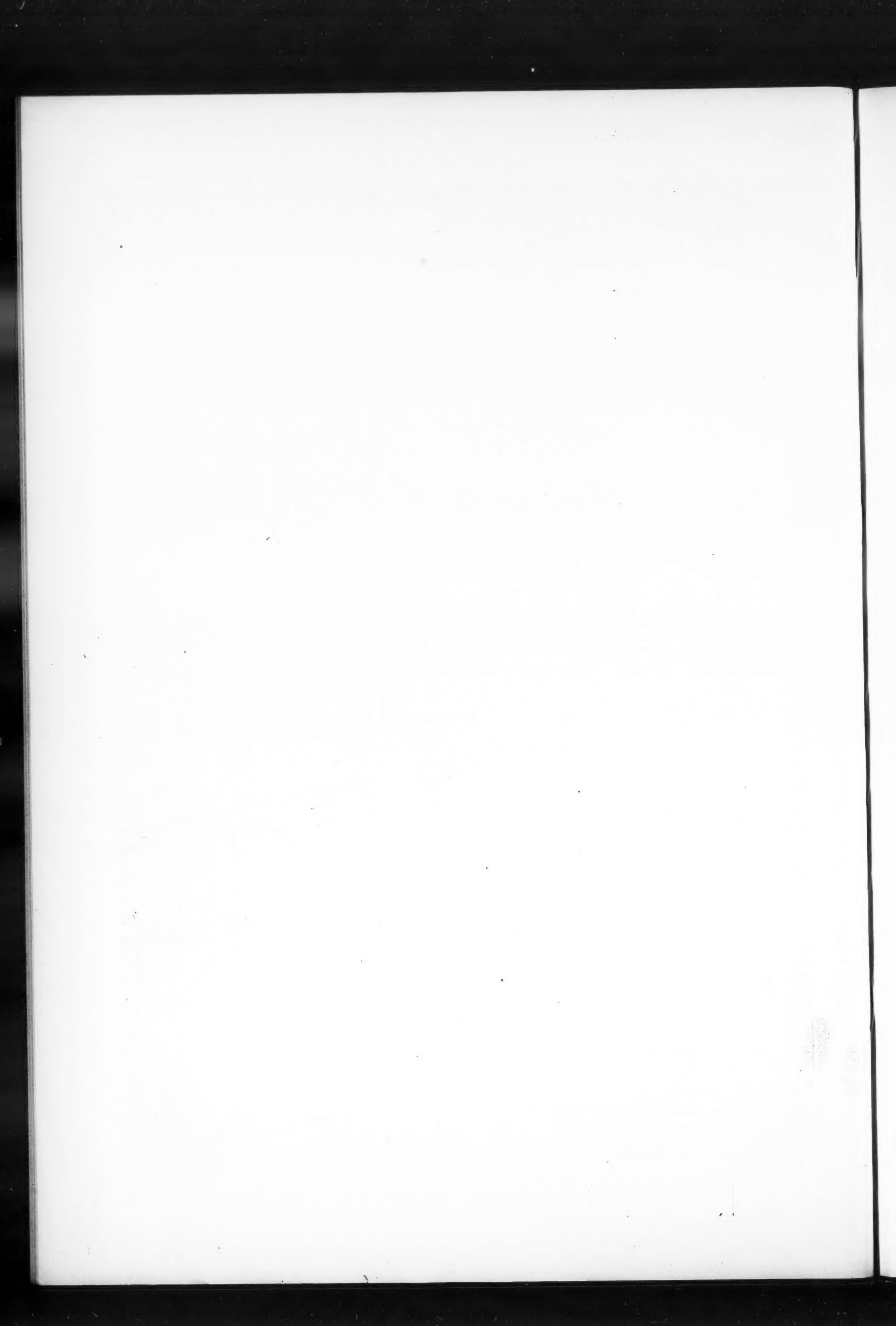
The absence of candor in ordinary business affairs leads to a great deal of perplexity, and there is a room for doubt as to whether the people who conduct business are any better off. Those who have made up their minds to buy, no matter whether pen-knives or anything else, will make their purchases; business is not increased by falsehood. If men, in any branch of ordinary business, will agree to tell the exact truth about their own wares, the probabilities are more than even that they would find it to their advantage. It was greatly to the benefit of the individual I have mentioned.



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS—(MARK TWAIN).



A RUSSIAN PEASANT-GIRL.—SOKOLOFF.



## MY ROSE.

H. P. SPOFFORD.

OVER my mantel hangs a rose—  
Such a great red-hearted and dewy thing  
That, though on the wild air drive the snows,  
In my room dwells Summer with folded wing.

Some painter painted it in a dream  
Of a haunted dell and a spicy night,  
His pencil lit by the flying gleam  
Of bloom and fragrance and all delight.

And I lie, when I look at this magic flower,  
In a Persian garden and wait the morn,  
While a bird, from starlit hour to hour,  
Sings with his breast against a thorn.

## DINNERS AND DINERS-OUT.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

ALL the world eats; but only the highest civilization dines. A good dinner, in the common sense, almost any larder may furnish: a good dinner, in a fine sense, requires courtesy, culture, character. A feast fit for the gods may be coarsened and made vulgar, as the humblest meal may be converted to nectar and ambrosia by the quality of its partakers.

Who sits at the board, more than the board itself, furnishes the entertainment. No wine so rich as the wine of speech; no sauce so savory as the sauce of sympathy. When we have found the diners, the dinner is easy of accomplishment.

This country is too new for fine dinners to be over-numerous. We are too prone, as yet, to think of dinner either as a necessity or a mere physical gratification. To render it at once a palatal luxury and a mental stimulant requires time and taste, insight and intellect. We are more inclined to lay stress upon the banquet than the banqueters; and, when our balance at the banker's is large, we fancy we can play the host right royally. How often have we all eaten at groaning tables, and groaned, in turn, over the poverty of their richness! We had whatever money could supply; and yet we were hungry and athirst, mourning the absence of the spirit that transforms crusts into comfort, and from crumbs extracts companionship.

In the Old World, dining is a prominent part of the social economy. In St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris and London, diplomacy finds many of its best advantages in the pleasures of the table. Wars, treaties, alliances, annexations, are arranged between the different courses, and over dessert and coffee the fate of nations is not seldom sealed. The way to men's weakness, if not to their hearts, lies through their mouths; and he who is obdurate and intractable at his potage, becomes pliable and yielding when the champagne has begun to circulate.

Even in this land, where we have few international questions to settle, dinners are constantly given as a means to an end; and the stranger bidden to a feast may well disbelieve that the motive of his bidding is disinterested. The happiness of your company, in many invitations, means the value of the service you are expected to render. Stubborn mortals, who have resisted every form of flattery and temptation, have succumbed to the material eloquence of a superb *cuisine*.

Beware of dinners from those who have secular ends in view; for, after you have partaken of their hospitality, to accommodate them seems like an obligation. We all recognize the breaking of bread and eating of salt together as involving something of responsibility. And yet, in these scheming and planning days, it is frequently the emptiest of forms and the hollowest of customs.

All such dinners are proletarian. To be free and fine, they must be given for themselves; have no purpose, either lower or higher, than the hospitality of the host and the satisfaction of the guests. So directed, it becomes incumbent upon each attendant to bestow the best of himself upon the company, and to sanctify the feast with the sincerity and price of his individuality.

In our great centers, these strictly social repasts are, every year, growing more and more into vogue. Our wealth, leisure and culture are so rapidly increasing that we naturally seek the means of stifling the hours elegantly, of connecting mind and matter by a bridge of solidity and grace. The art element is permeating our lives; and we are gratified to festoon our desires and appetites with all the attractions opulent taste and ingenious fancy can lend.

Nature and Fortune are inclined to be niggardly. They rarely give with full hands. What we have from one is denied by the other. The capacity to enjoy is granted to one, and the means of enjoyment to another. The man of wealth is rarely the man of wit; and he who can provide *pâté de foie gras* and Haut-Brion must look elsewhere for sparkling speech and the contagion of animation. Hence, there be dinner-givers and diners-out; and, strange as it may seem, the former are more numerous than the latter. Great wealth in money is quite common in this great metropolis; but great wealth in mind is inadequate to the demand. Diners-out have, for some reason, been decreasing of recent years, and many are the prosperous houses in which sumptuous viands are eaten in dreary silence or in unbecoming spirit.

This should not be; for, where rich repasts are spread, rich company should be assembled, and inward should answer to outward bounty. Wealth too often invites wealth; and so the table-talk is of sales and profits, bonds and mortgages, interests and investments. The hours that should be sacred to good-fellowship, independent of business and all its carking cares, are made a prosy repetition of the calendar and counting-house. They who would honor and grace the monotonous board are eating, solitary and alone, in some out-of-the-way corner, or flinging epigrams and repartees where they are too abundant to be appreciated.

Vast is the waste of the intellectual part of a good dinner in quarters least suspected. If but a tithe of this superfluity could be made available to Croesus, he would no longer wonder why his Lafite and his Clicquot fail to inspire the much needed vivacity. By-and-by he will discover his lack, and, rising above his money-bags, will seek those whose capital is in their brains, and prevail upon them to honor him with their presence. Then his dinner will be what no art of the cook can make it—it will be gilded by the halo of genuine sociability. The venison will have a new flavor, and the pines and oranges be fresh as on their native soil. There will be music in the contact of the fork and plate, and the dishes will be spiritualized by the charm of courtesies exchanged. When the dinners and the diners are conjoined, the triumph of mind and of matter will be complete.

Clever men of character have so much reason to be proud that they seldom accept favors offered as such. Where they go, they must be entirely welcome, and be able to feel, if there be condescension, that it must be on their side. They prefer plain fare in good company to costly banquets with dull people. Consequently, even when urged to visit the palace of Aladdin, they stay away, lest they may encounter the slave of the lamp. If, however, they are sure to meet there any of their spiritual peers, they will pardon the commonplace for the sake of the choice, and be pleased to shine with all their luster on the entertainment.

Aladdin has reached the secret of their action, and woos them to his feast in the name of their fellows. Aladdin's advantage has been such, by the introduction of the clever element, that he has been tempted to narrate his victory to others; and the result is that his palace has made the acquaintance of the legitimate princes who had long declined to cross the threshold. Plutus and Porphyrius are imitating his example, and, before another decade, the best of company may be encountered in the dwellings on which ducats have descended.

Fine dining, for generations a social art in the Old World, may now be considered to have become such with us, in spite of the national haste and excitability and restlessness. What America begins to do well, she soon does completely. Quiet and unpretending dinners, never surpassed in the European capitals for taste, fitness, harmony, and what might be termed the banquet of occasion, are daily given here with almost prandial perfection. Diners-out have grown to be an epicurean sect, and may be often seen in fashionable quarters obeying the summons of some auspicious host. They have correct palates; dress well; have good manners; talk nicely, and are, therefore, gratefully received wherever they are willing to go.

These professional diners-out are always amiable and entertaining; but they are prone to be tedious from their uniformity and tendency to routine.

The best diners-out are they who are spontaneous and not overborne by the need of preparation and the pressure of expectation. Like the gentle wind,

they go where they list, and tarry where they will. They hate too much formality; and, after the manner of wild flowers, exhale their sweetness regardless of time or place, yielding loyalty to nature from their love of nature. They are chary of their presence, and unwilling to be used as generous instruments to drown the small discords of the social orchestra. Wholly without prejudice, they are instinctively fond of what wealth and position may give, if wealth and position be employed for fine and lofty purposes. So, when bidden to the hospitable board by the voice of kindness and appreciation, they accept with pleasure, and carry with them the spirit of companionship and conviviality.

Some of our most elaborate dinners are altogether masculine, quite enough, in most cases, to insure their dullness from lack of variety and incentive. No dinner can be complete to which women are not admitted. Their presence is as necessary as instrumentation to the opera, or flowers to a garden. As there can be no true chorus without a soprano, there can be no festive Eden without an Eve. The brightest men are apt to grow vapid without feminine listeners, and common men tend to coarseness unchecked by their spiritualizing presence. Society, like Nature, pairs in sexes, and men and women always make the best of company. One sex invariably stimulates the other, and the most sluggish mind is roused when Beauty beams and Love, in the form of loveliness, both hears and heeds. Put him and her who are attuned to each other side by side at the plainest table, and out of the rude viands the magician, which their sympathy can create, will conjure Apician banquets. Dining is elevated into the poetry of the senses when every sense is called into play, and the heart and intellect perform the symphony.

The ideal banquets are those in which sensibility and soup, gallantry and fish, perfect breeding and perfectly cooked meats, humor and salads, bright talk and crystal ices, instinctive adaptation and luscious fruits, broad charity and rare wines combine to constitute the feast. Given the men and the women, the veriest bungler may make the table what Lucullus could not have made it without his chosen guests.

Dining alone or *en garçon* is a barbarism inexcusable in so advanced an age. Mankind was never half so civilized as now. All the graces should be honored, all the deities propitiated when we assemble around the evening board. All labor and, far as possible, all care should then be laid aside. One of the enlightened customs of Manhattan is to take the chief meal at a seemly hour. We deserve to be called metropolitans from the single fact that we forbear to eat a hearty luncheon at midday, and style it dinner, as is the habit of the provinces. We bring to our own dinner a sense of leisure and a possibility of repose, without which mere masturbation and degluttony can never pass for a refined process of sustaining nature.

Dining-out relieves the monotony of existence; is an interlude between the solemn stanzas of the hymn of life. To interchange our tables is as beneficial as to interchange our thoughts. The domestic circle is pleasant; but its perpetual round waxes wearisome at last. All high natures need contact with many: to confine them to few begets selfishness and stagnation. The best houses we can visit are the houses where the heart is more bountiful than the purse, and where to dine means to get the best of the hospitality which good wishes and true sympathy can supply.

**INDIAN ARROWS.**—An arrow, shot from above, had entered his left shoulder, and penetrated to the ribs of the other side, and in pulling this shaft out a terrible feature of these weapons was illustrated. The flint-head, fastened to the shaft with a thong of deer-sinew, remains firmly attached while the binding is dry; but, as soon as it is moistened by the blood, the head becomes loose, and remains in the body after the arrow is withdrawn. The Apaches have several ways of producing terrible wounds; among others by firing bullets chipped from the half oxidized mats of old furnace-heaps containing copper and lead combined with sulphur and arsenic. But perhaps the worst at short range are produced by bullets made from the fibre of the aloe-root, which are almost always fatal, since it is impossible to clear the wound.—*Pumpelly's America and Asia*.

## THE VANITY OF AUTHORS.

*Genus irritabile vatum* sang the Roman satirist nearly two thousand years ago. What was true then is true now, and, in all literature, humorists and moralists are never weary of commenting on the self-importance of the scribbling class. Certainly literary men are conceited; it would be vain to deny it. But this, like all phenomena in the moral world, has its law, and will easily be seen to be a necessary consequence of fundamental qualities in human nature and a, perhaps, useful element in moral equilibrium. Life is a matter of compensation—of checks and balances. It might not be difficult to show that the vanity of authors—that is, their self-esteem—the conviction of their own personal value and of the importance of their individual labor to the world—is one of the most important of social forces. Without it there is reason to fear that a

should we admit that it does in the average furnish a sure and decent support (at which many of our brethren of the quill would demur); the great stimulus, so powerful in most walks of life, of the prospect of accumulation—superfluity—wealth—is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred utterly lacking. Excluding the hundredth cases, the exceptional hits and “big nuggets” of authordom, no man gets rich by writing. It is hardly necessary to argue elaborately what most men’s daily observation or the internal revenue reports sufficiently prove, that most brethren of the craft have reason to think themselves well off if, after a fair share of rather thin bread and butter in this world, they can step into their cool graves with the comforting assurance that their debts are paid up and their funeral provided for.

Lacking, then, the incentive of gain, the literary man is logically thrown back on the other two—pure benevolence, and his duty to his own intellectual

and working at all—but the real incentive, the daily spice and stimulus and comfort of their labor is the higher motive of self-development and utility. Take from the æsthetic class these motives, and they would sink at once to dull and spiritless hacks; no man of fine temper could work in such a moral vacuum—the artist would sell his palette and the author his books, and the ranks of practical exertion would be swelled by just so many disheartened and disgusted recruits. But this consciousness of power—progress—success, is necessarily connected with a great deal of what we will gently call self-opinion. The author’s work is a part of himself; his whole soul and nature go into it; and for him the simile of the pelican nourishing her brood with the ruddy drops from her own bosom, is hardly a figure. He “coins his blood” not exactly “for drachmas” (Heaven knows he gets few enough of those), but for bread to famishing and eager souls. Tell him



HARVEST TIME.

mainspring of exertion would be taken away, and intellectual production checked or annihilated.

The incentives which move humanity to labor may be broadly stated under three heads. Practically, the most active and universal is the good old principle of selfishness in its more material form of a desire for gain, or the finer but still mainly selfish thirst for worldly repute. Morally, the highest of the three would be the unselfish desire of benefiting mankind—intellectually, perhaps, the impulse, usually found only in fine and elevated natures, towards self-culture—the utmost development of all our faculties which our inherent nature and capacities comport. Now although the curse—or the blessing—incurred by Adam, rests upon us all, and we all eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, it is tolerably clear that literary work is, in a proper sense, far less *bread-work* than almost any other form of intelligent labor. For the man of parts and education, to whom the various branches of commerce, manufactures, and the professions are open, it may be said, without exaggeration, that with a view to getting a living there is hardly any trade so bad as that of literature. Even

nature. In either case it is clear that he can not well get on, more especially under the depressing influence of material needs and financial limitation, without the sustainment of success—of achievement and recognition. In most trades and professions the end most immediately contemplated by the worker is, of course, gain. He may have a greater or less opinion of his own shrewdness, perseverance, or business tact, and his vanity may be more or less wounded if these be controverted; but the main object of his effort is to make money. This end attained, he can afford to smile at any little scratches which his self-opinion has suffered in the process. One bargain differeth not from another in glory, whether negotiated by poets or pedlers, except in the percentage of profits attained. One ton of iron sold or one rod of railway laid is much like another ton or rod, so long as the contract is large and the pay sure. But it would not probably be claiming a too antique and heroic virtue for the better class of writers to say that for them this material gain is the least of things. True, it is something which, in measure, must be had—the condition precedent to living

the bread is sour or indigestible, or that the souls he was caring for have ceased to hunger, and you break his mainspring at once.

No, let us bear with poor scribbling mortals, if, in the toil and care of their ill-paid labor, they, by a natural recoil of mind, exaggerate its inherent merit or public importance. Let us be tender with their delusions, remembering how essential these may be to effort and achievement which, after all, we could not well do without. The eye which is too earnestly and continually bent in minute scrutiny on one set of subjects loses its accommodation power; there is danger that small and near objects may expand and blot out the wider universe about them. And to take one more figure from the genial Roman from whom we have already cited, let us be shy of administering the critical hellebore to the poor deluded author or poet, sitting alone but happy in the empty theater, his ears filled with the music of imaginary plaudits—let us shun to hear the bitter cry of awakened and painful self-knowledge:

“By Heavens! dear friends, you have slain me  
Snatching so rudely away my soul’s most grateful illusion.”



SCENE ON THE COAST OF HELGOLAND.—MORGENSTERN.

W30U

GIULIA.

H. P. SPOFFORD.

IT was in passing through New York, early this Winter, that I encountered, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and coming from the room next my own, a person who excited my interest, and let me confess my curiosity, in a peculiar degree. She was a tall and shapely woman, no longer young, you would say, for though her skin was still soft and smooth as a girl's, and the flush on her cheek was yet rich as that on the pomegranate, and the fire of her great black eyes was veiled by languid black-fringed lids, yet the hair that waved away from that dazzling forehead was as gray as one sees upon a woman who has reached her threescore years and ten. The face wore an habitual melancholy expression, which only enhanced its beauty, and, now and then, when its owner was addressed or pleased, something seemed to illumine it like a lamp behind a mask, and dimples and scarlet curves, a sparkle of teeth and flash of smiles and sudden changing colors made it, all at once, so perfectly young and beautiful that you forgot that either many years had set the seal of sad experience there, or else a sudden horror had blanched the hair and given the weight of a lifetime to some single day. The lady was clad in black silk, and a black lace shawl just caught upon her hair was brought forward and caught again at the bosom of her dress, whose square outlines revealed a waxy loveliness heightened by the black onyx pendants of her slender gold necklace.

She was not at the table, and I had seen her only once or twice in the drawing-rooms, when one evening she entered a side-parlor, where nobody was present, and took her seat in the shadow of a window-curtain and awaited some one. Her companion—whom I had not noticed before, and whom I presently discovered to be her maid, a sturdy creature of more than the common height and erect as a grenadier, her black hair drawn back from her colorless face and pinned with a silver bodkin, her black eyes restlessly scanning everything—meantime patrolled the halls, with wraps and shawls upon her arms, and appeared ready to do battle with the first bidder for her favor. This woman, as I looked and looked again, seemed to wear a guise not unfamiliar—the somewhat odd dress, the bodkin, the manner—I was sure I had seen it before. I went ransacking all the corners of my recollection while I surveyed her, till of a sudden the thing I sought confronted me, as such things will, and I remembered the mountain village in New Hampshire where I had come across her, and where they told me she was the attendant of a lady whom no one ever saw, whose name she revealed to none, and whom she faithfully served while firing the curiosity of the whole village, and never allaying it. None of the simple souls there, to whom the outside world was as unknown as a star, could tell if her broken speech were the Celtic brogue, *lingua Franca*, or the *bocca Toscano* itself. It would have been as easy to question a queen as that stately serving-woman; but, in some occult way, it had come to be accepted that she cared for a noble lady from across the sea, lovely, unfortunate, and hiding from certain powers that had wrecked her life and perhaps the lives of others with her own. I remembered all this now in a flash, but had no time to dwell on my remembrance or on the coincidence of my meeting her again, so much was I absorbed in observation of the mistress of whom I had heard but whom I had not seen before.

I sat now in the little anteroom, directly at the head of the ladies' entrance, from whence I could see my beautiful stranger much better than she could see me; and as I remained there for some time I became insensibly more and more interested in her appearance, and longed to know something of her history. She is waiting for some one whom she has not seen for years, I said to myself—a lover, a brother, a husband; she has appointed this public place of meeting that she may better judge of the effect produced by the change in her which she might never know if she should not first see, unseen herself; she has measured her strength and believed it equal to such trial; and then she is evidently peculiar, and unused to the ways of the world; she has lived so secluded from it that all these people seem to her like shadows—I do hope Royal won't come for me until I see the end of the romance. And I mandered on about her in this way indefinitely.

She sat there quietly at first and for a little while, glancing at one and another that passed the door on the way to the grand drawing-rooms; then she rose to look out of the window, but as the lamps were already lit in the house she could see nothing, and so resumed her seat.

Dinner was but lately over, and splendidly clad ladies were parading up and down in couples, displaying their trains and digesting their dinners; but neither the richness of their garments nor the lustre of their ornaments caught her eye—she had perhaps seen enough of such things at some time of her life. Now and then her glance rested on some one of the cavaliers, rested the fraction of a second, and fell again with that infinitely weary and patient expression which tells of long and lonely waiting. Now and then she left her seat and paced to and fro, in the room where she was totally alone, with a quick, impetuous step, but presently she was at rest again with both hands clasped upon her heart a moment and then lying idly in her lap as if they had never been disturbed by any wringing. She maintained this position so long that my mind wandered from her and became lost in mazes of measurement concerning the morrow's shopping at Stewart's. Suddenly I saw my stranger start, spring to her feet with a stifled cry, bend forward with such a yearning eager face, then fall back in her chair and gaze at her hands, with her head slightly bent upon her breast, in an attitude either of languid indifference to all the world or of the intensest passion—I could not have told you which.

A figure had just passed the door, a step hushed for me in the soft velvet of the floor, but a tall dark shadow, a certain haughty grace, a movement of the shoulder from whence depended the tasseled cloak that might have arrested any eye—a figure that passed swiftly up the long hall to the further parlor, and then came as quickly down through the drawing-room till it paused at the doorway of the last chamber and stood there opposite the beautiful woman with her head bowed upon her breast.

A long moment's gaze it may have been—a satisfying of the soul with looking at her—an eternity to her I can not doubt. And then a flashing motion:

"Giulia!" I heard; and with lifted face and arms outflung, "Oh Antonio!" she cried, and rose, and wavered, and fell forward, and there was silence.

If I tell you the truth, I shall acknowledge that at that moment I dared not look any longer. I should have felt like one desecrating the Holy of Holies. I might imagine the heart-beats of that breathless silence, the raining kisses on that forehead, on that cold cheek, the hot fierce tears, unconscious of place or people—but I saw nothing; and it was not till I heard the man exclaiming in his own tongue, "Oh mother of God, she swoons!" that, glad at heart, if something sorry too, I started to seize the *carafe* and find my *vinaigrette*, and darted across the hall to the sofa where he had laid her, but was intercepted by the maid who snatched the water from my hand just as I reached the door.

"Make her alive again! Open her eyes for me! In twenty years, in twenty years!" I heard him ejaculate, half under his breath, before I could retreat.

And directly afterward the dark eyes were lifted once more and fastened on those bending over her with such ineffable tenderness, and all articulate sound was overwhelmed in a rustling of *issimas* from which the maid herself retreated and closed the door behind her.

As she stood there, a grim guardian of that ecstasy of welcome within that had waited for twenty years, Royal summoned me; and full of my story, of exculpation of the impulsive foreign people who could not veil their emotions like ourselves, and of wonderment concerning their past and future, I went along with him to make the evening-call we had intended.

"It is an old story," said Royal, "confidence operators are plentier than victims of Italian tyranny; the little tableaux may be very interesting, but meanwhile—just keep one eye on your diamonds!"

This, by the way, was a favorite jest with Royal, who knew how I fastened every valuable I possessed inside my gown, and went about bristling with suspicion and pins.

It was after leaving our friend's house that evening, and while walking back to the hotel, that we passed a little dimly-lighted church, before which a single coach was standing. I don't know what busybody of a spirit impelled me to lean back on Royal's arm, and, finally, to linger and glance into the church.

A single lamp made a misty center of the darkness; there was no congregation—there were no choristers—only shadows retreating among the aisles and pillars, and before the altar a priest was pronouncing a nuptial benediction upon my beautiful stranger and the one for whom she had waited, while the maid stood by, no longer grim indeed, but quite dissolved in tears.

"Well," said Royal, laughing at me as we went on our way again, "there is the end of it!"

"Yes," said I, "I always begin at the end of my romances and read the last chapter first. Now I am going to have the beginning."

As for asking Royal that night, upon our return to the hotel, to go and rummage the register for me, I knew he never would do it in the world; and as for subsidizing a chambermaid, and obtaining any useful information about my neighbors by that means, my courage quailed before the awful task. So as I sat with my feet on the fender and the door ajar, while Royal finished his cigar below, and while I was spinning out a hundred threads in my mind, which might be threads of these people's fates, suddenly I heard a silver voice—a voice with a ring of gladness in it as if the whole world had opened from gray cloud and gloom into blue skies and sunshine and singing-birds—call "Felice!" and on the instant a recollection rose, all alive, of an Italian day a half-dozen years ago. With the sound, the whole scene of that day was before me again; the bright bay, the purple far-away hills, the little felucca in which we sped from island to island, the half-ruined castle rising on the gray olive-slope of the sea-girt spot on whose shingle we landed, and memory, commanded by the one word "Felice," opened at the story of that day as a book might do that I had laid face down on being called away.

It was only one day of many odd days of adventure, after all, when I had left Royal talking with the fishermen among their nets, and had climbed to the old castle and made acquaintance with the withered dame whose perquisite it was, for a few coins, to show people over the place. I sat talking with her, and enjoying the view beneath me, a long while before we began our ramble through the apartments, and whether it was the unusual largess with which I propitiated her, or the candied drops which I happened to have by me and which relieved for a few moments a cough that was killing her, or whether it were the tone of our conversation, she seemed already to feel a kindness towards me that put me quite at my ease in examining the place—a place of wondrous beauty as to its outdoor ruins, but with nothing uncommon about its habitable portion except a sense of desertion and forlornness made, perhaps, by faded hangings, worn mattings, bare tiles, long galleries where the sunlight bursting through stained and cobwebbed windows at the other end transmuted the heavy dust into a glory; rooms dark with furniture of an antique shape; here and there a piece of yellow marble worth lingering to observe; here and there a dingy painting of some saint whose ugliness merited martyrdom; and, of course, at last one picture, closely draped, before which the old dame did not pause. I did myself though; and, with my parasol, lifted the heavy cloth just long enough for the sunshine, which a shutter had been thrown back to admit, to strike the face beneath—the perfect oval—the laughing mouth—the skin overlaid with a flush as rich as the pomegranate's—to kindle afresh the fire of the great dark eyes behind their black-fringed lashes—to gild the golden hair that waved away from the dazzling brow in ripples of splendor.

"The signora does well to pause," said the old dame, leaning on her cane; "to pause and gaze—she will not see again so fair a thing!"

But when I dropped the curtain and turned to ask some question, her old face, yellow and corrugated as if cut in ivory, was covered with tears.

Certainly my first impulse was to console her, but at sight of sympathy all her self-control vanished; her cane dropped and rolled away from her shaking hands, and her breast labored with sobs; and it was not till we sat at last on a bench in the sunshine, when her tears were dried and her cough again subdued, that she unburdened herself of her grief, exclaiming:

"A fair, fair face indeed! but it brought me woe—it robbed me of my Felice!"

"Felice?"

"That was my daughter, signora. It is true I have others—a son—but what is all you have beside the thing you have not?"

"That is true," I said.

"I will tell thee, signora," cried the old dame. "She is American. Perhaps she may, some time, meet my Felice—so bright, so strong, so cheery; oh, brightest, strongest, cheeriest, best. She may meet with her and speak to her of her old mother who is dying, who is dying, for the sight of her!"

This was not true at all, for the old mother was dying of consumption; but I promised, if ever, in all the thirty millions of people, I encountered Felice, to deliver any message.

"For see," continued the old dame, "it was when the young Countess Giulia came down here a bride, that my Felice was crazed with her beauty—with her beauty and her melancholy—ah, she was very sad, poor thing! And she fancied Felice, and would have no one else wait on her. She would not speak to her husband, the count; she would only look at him, thus. For, to be sure, this is how it was:

"She was a maiden in the convent; she had been there since her seventh year, and they took her home to her sister's bridal, and there she met the young Count Antonio. He was a Romali, signora, a cousin of our great Romali, but she knew nothing of that and cared nothing. During all the festivity she saw him daily and nightly—the poor thing had her freedom, signora understands, because she was to go back to the convent presently, and because no one yet thought of her, of her heart, except young Antonio. As for them, they danced together, they strolled together through the galleries where the ladies and their gallants were, they wandered together in the gardens; they never were alone, but they never knew it, signora, for them there were only themselves in the world. They loved each other, signora. She went back to her convent. Antonio was poor. He had not a crown. He depended on preferment. Perhaps his cousin would help him. He asked him. And this is what our elder count, Antonio da Romali, did:

"He promised aid—oh, the most wretched!—to his cousin. He assured him he would demand the maiden's hand for him. Word was brought to the maiden, signora, that her family were coming to wed her in the convent chapel to the Count Antonio. The happy maid sat dreaming and smiling all day long, and talking to the other convent maidens of her lover—sat dreaming and waiting and chiding the hours. They brought her her wedding-garments, her veil, her rosary of pearls, her myrtle-leaves. She sat patiently beneath their hands thinking only of her lover, of the whispering mornings over her broidery-frame that time she was at home, of the flower-scented nights in the gardens there. Her mother came and told her of the splendor of her future life, of her palace in Rome, her villa beyond the gates, her castle here—it was different here, signora, a dozen years ago—of the jewels, the equipages. Little the child heeded her—she was thinking only of her lover. Then they led her out to the chapel—ah, signora, I see it all—so bashful, so happy, so dreamy, so beautiful; the place was full of twilight, purple twilight everywhere except about the tapers on the altar. They wedded her. And when the bridegroom bent to kiss his

smiling down-looking bride, when she looked up for the first time, it was our elder count, Antonio da Romali, who was her husband, and she fell like a stone on the pavement there. Ah, welladay! The Count Romali brought his bride down here; it was thought the best; mother and sisters had talked with her, and railed at her, and affrighted her; the good nuns had prayed with her. She was his now, and he meant well by her; he meant alone by himself to destroy the image of the young cousin, to put his own in the place; but never another look would she give him, neither fair nor foul would she speak to him. She spoke to no one save my Felice; to her the little young thing confided her trouble, signora. They were not fifteen years old, and the two wept together all day long.

"Our count would not endure that long, believe;

as they sat there alone together, no words came now. But there was something the young Countess Giulia felt that she would say, for the count, her husband, had caused a rumor to reach her of Antonio's ways, wild as the winds of heaven. And now she rose and folded away her silks and flosses and

"Antonio," she said, "do not forget there is another world."

"And he broke out:

"I would to God there were not, that I might end my misery here!"

"She answered nothing just at once; she knew not what to answer.

"Are you so unhappy, my Antonio?" she said, then, yearningly.

"And as she spoke he gazed at her, and all his longing was in his eyes, and he held out his arms to

her, and she floated back from them, and he could only seize her two hands and cover them with kisses and tears. And then came in the count, her husband, in his court-dress, with oaths and outcry and a half-drawn sword. And then the Countess Giulia sprang forward at his insolent speech.

"What lover of mine is this?" she echoed him. "No lover, sir? It is the man I married at the altar, the man to whom I gave my hand in the convent-chapel, the man to whom I promised my obedience, my husband in the sight of all the saints and God!"

"And it was the first that Antonio knew of the deceit practised on her, signora, as well as upon himself.

"And you dared?" he cried, advancing on his cousin; but a dozen servants—my son was one of them, alas, signora—summoned by the count's hand and voice, were in the room almost as he spoke, had overpowered Antonio and had borne him struggling out of the Countess Giulia's sight, and she never saw him again. For three nights afterward, the count came into her sleeping-room and bade her rise and follow him; and she did so, down the long halls, the cold passages, and flight after flight of the stone stairs, till they were far beneath the ground. Then he held up his lamp and showed her an arch of the masonry where the mortar was yet damp.

"Look at it," he cried. "Behind just such a place as that your Antonio, your husband in the sight of the saints and God, is sealed to rot his accursed life away!"

"Believe he lied to her, signora! It is not so easy to wall men up in living tombs in Rome!"

"But whether he did or no, Antonio was not seen any more, and the authorities asked no questions. And, signora, at accusation of the head of his house, in some dungeon of the Holy Office doubtless he wastes and pines to-day, and will till our Count Romali goes to his account."

"Then he is Count Romali, and there is no charge against him, and he will be set free to heir the great estates, perhaps to have his wife at last. How can I tell? For in the night I woke with a shadow by my bed, a white-haired shadow in the moonlight—the golden-hair turned to silver in a week's time. She had come for my Felice."

"She told me her story as I have told it now; she showed me her jewels that would answer all their wants for a lifetime. Felice hung about my neck;



FAUN AND SATYR.

I parted her hands myself—for could I let the young thing go alone? That night—that very night—the boat put off to set them on the ship bound over seas. She told me the news would reach her, and when the old count passed away I should hear from them if they lived. He can not last long, signora," said the old dame just ready to surrender her own breath.

When I stepped on board our boat again that day, the dame hobbled after me and left a worn coral rosary in my hands, to be given to Felice with her blessing; and all my asseveration of inability was of no consequence whatever; so that not to break her heart I was obliged to take the thing, though conscious that it was flat burglary. I had satisfied the voice of duty by carrying with me this coral—over which prayers had been mumbled, and on which children had cut their teeth for generations—wherever I went, till it had become an unconsidered habit; and it lay now forgotten in the trunk which stood open behind me while I sat by the fire with this alone of my Italian days suddenly made vivid and real again by that one word "Felice."

It was all in a moment that I recalled it, rather than that it came without recalling, that I compared the golden-haired lady of the portrait in the old castle, and my beautiful silver-haired stranger, that I put this and that together, that I sprang to the trunk and brought up the worn-old coral. Presently the stately, heavy step went by my door.

"Felice!" I called in my turn, and the pale, tall serving-woman stood upon the threshold.

"Will you tell me," said I, "are not the Count and Countess da Romali in the next room?"

The woman grew taller and paler while I spoke. I was sure she took me for an emissary of the Holy Office, a spy of the dead old count's.

"I thought madame wished some service," said she, and turned about.

"Wait a minute!" I cried. "Did you ever see this before?" and I held up the worn-old coral.

She moved her head, with an indifferent stare, and then the glance seemed to dart from her eyes and alight upon it.

"My mother! my mother!" she cried. "Oh, thou hast seen her, thou hast been at the Castle Romali!" and in a moment she was on her knees over the old coral, chattering her own tongue as if it were a very confusion of tongues, and the two of us were crying together.

"You were right about the end of the romance," said I to Royal, as he came in just then from his cigar. "I had the beginning of it that day at Porto Romali, do you recollect now?" "And this is the frontispiece," said Royal.

JEAN INGLOW.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

No words of introduction are needed, on our part, when we present to our readers the intellectual and soul-lit face of Jean Ingelow. In thousands of American homes her genial presence is recognized as that of a fondly cherished friend, welcomed to the kindest hospitalities of the house, and dearly prized as one whose gentle influence raises aspiration for true piety of the heart, culture of the intellect, and purity of life.

Jean Ingelow was born in the year 1830, in the town of Boston, Lincolnshire, in the east of England. In this old town, near the sea, full of antiquities and memorials of the past, surrounded by green meadows and washed by the river Witham; with the great church tower of St. Botolph rising ever before her eye, with the music of the sea murmuring ever its mournful cadence in her ear, she passed her quiet childhood. She was one of eleven children, her father being a banker and a man of culture, her mother of Scotch descent. There seems to have been little incident to distinguish this part of her life. She was not a precocious child, and only remarkable for a retentive memory. She was extremely timid, and easily overawed through fear. Her great desire was to be left to herself, where she might hold companionship with her own thoughts. Her soul was "like a star and dwelt apart." One of her favorite resorts was a bay-window in a room which overlooked the river. Here, sometimes alone, and sometimes in the society of a favorite brother, she dreamed away the hours. Here, too, shy and

reticent, saying little, she lived in a world clothed in her own sweet fancies, laying up stores of poetic imagery, gathered from the beautiful landscape and seascape which surrounded her. Here, through lonely years, she watched the ebb and flow of the tides, the movement of the ships, the gleaming of the light from the summit of the great tower, the motion of the waves, the breaking of the surf, the morning sun over the sea, the evening sun athwart the meadows. And here, all unwittingly to herself, was she gathering the materials which in future years would be used in building the rare structures her genius would create.

It was not until July 1863, that Jean Ingelow published her first volume of poems. They were issued in London under the simple title "Poems by Jean Ingelow." They became popular at once, and the author, unknown to fame, her very name considered an assumed one, had the happiness of attaining reputation without patronage or advocate, and without the slow process of living down carping criticism and slowly growing into appreciation and honor. Her success in London induced the Boston publishing house of Roberts Brothers to send for a copy of the book and to issue a reprint of it in the following November. More than 75,000 copies of her works have been sold by her American publishers, and

embodied in reading-books for schools. Its scenic effect is remarkable, and so is its rhythmical power, for it almost sings itself. Who can ever forget the subtle melody of the old spinner's refrain,

"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath,  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth!"

or the musical iteration of the call of the kine from the pasture? "Songs of Seven" is the corner-stone of Miss Ingelow's fame; "Divided" is a tenderly touched story of "the letting go of hands;" "The Letter L" and "Supper at the Mill" have found large circles of admirers. There is a poem in the first volume which is not so often quoted as many others, but over which the poet's muse floats with spiritual grace. "The Maiden with the Milking Pail" is redolent with the breath of green meadows, fragrant with the perfume of rural flowers, pure as the maiden whose charms inspire it.

"Contrasted Songs" and "Songs with Preludes" are to us the gems of Miss Ingelow's second volume. From the latter we give the prelude to wedlock as one of the most artistically-touched pen-pictures in the English language.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

The racing river leaped, and sang  
Full blithely in the perfect weather,  
All round the mountain echoes rang,  
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,  
And that with songs of joy was thrilling;  
But in the hollow of my heart,  
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,  
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,  
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,  
And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,  
The cushion's note, the bee's low humming—  
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—  
How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,  
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,  
So far the shallow flood had flown  
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.'

She knew not any need of me,  
Yet me she waited all unweeting;  
She thought not I had crossed the sea,  
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,  
I wished the moment had been hours;  
I took her in my arms, and set  
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,  
Ah! still, methinks I hear them calling;  
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,  
The cushion's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,  
But now possession crowns endeavor;  
I took her in my heart, to grow  
And fill the hollow place forever.

The "Story of Doom," the leading poem in the volume, is her most ambitious effort. While we allow that her plot has the merit of originality, that the supernatural agencies are skilfully handled, the lovemaking charmingly portrayed, and the descriptive portions gems of their kind, we find many portions obscure, many wanderings off upon side issues, and a deficiency in that magnetic power which has made us willing captives in so many noble efforts of her muse.

We come now to the new volume of Miss Ingelow's poems, "The Monitions of the Unseen and Poems of Love and Childhood," which in some respects takes a higher rank than either of its predecessors. The leading poem, "Monitions of the Unseen"—we wish it had a more simple name—deserves the rank it holds, for its moral standard, and lofty flight of imagination. How unobtrusive are its teachings of submission to the divine will, the obligation which binds us to do the duty lying next us, not "as I will, but as Thou wilt!"

What an exquisite piece of word-painting is "The Mariner's Cave," and yet how searching and tender is the force and fervor with which it seeks to draw us to the higher life!

What charming simplicity and innocence glow in the musical measure of "The Two Margarets." Then there are the "Songs and Sonnets." Among the sonnets we like "Compensation" for its pure Saxon, vigor and power, and "Looking Down" for its originality and aspiration. Among the lyrics we admire



JEAN INGLOW.

## THE ALDINE.

the airy lightness and rythmical grace of "A Gleaming Song;" and as for "The Long White Seam," we give it as something sacred and faultless.

**THE LONG WHITE SEAM.**  
As I came round the harbor buoy,  
The lights began to gleam.  
No wave the land-locked water stirred,  
The crags were white as cream;  
And I marked my love by candle-light  
Sewing her long white seam.  
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear,  
Watch and steer at sea,  
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,  
Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage door;  
O sweetly my love sings!  
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,  
My soul to meet it springs,  
As the shining water leaped of old,  
When stirred by angel wings.  
Aye, longing to list anew,  
Awake and in my dream,  
But never a song she sang like this,  
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,  
That brought me in to thee,  
And peace drop down on that low roof  
For the sight that I did see,  
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear  
All for the love of me.  
For O, for O, with brows bent low,  
By the candle's flickering gleam,  
Her wedding gown it was she wrought,  
Sewing the long white seam.

We can only refer to Miss Ingelow's prose works which should be put into the hands of all young people as models of pure, graceful English. "A Sister's Bye-Hours" is our favorite, and we do not believe any one can read "Poor Mat" without a tear of sympathy over its tender pathos, or "The Black Polyanthus" without feeling that it is the most thrilling sermon ever preached against prejudice and unkindness.

## PUBLISHERS CORNER.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

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THE art of printing has made remarkable progress during the past decade. Those who are interested in its perfection will be surprised that the Novelty job press, which is very small, compact and cheap, can do fine work rapidly and well. It is one of those Boston "notions" which are almost indispensable, after it is seen and used.

THE taste for articles of Paris manufacture, for use and ornament, is, perhaps, to be complimented; but there are clocks, made by the American Clock Company, which, though of home manufacture, have as much beauty and more durability than the French, and are fully equal to the foreign clocks in point of correct time-keeping quality.

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\$9,000,000.		\$3,500,000.
Dividends Paid to Insured, \$2,500,000.		Claims Paid on Policies, \$250,000.

The only Company that Guarantees ANNUAL DIVIDENDS, and the first in the U. S. to pay Dividends on and after the First Renewal.  
The Books and Circulars issued by the Company will be furnished to any person applying for them.

JAMES C. WALKLEY, President.  
Z. A. STORRS, Vice-President.  
S. H. WHITE, Sec'y and Tres'r.

Connecticut General  
LIFE  
INSURANCE COMPANY,  
OF HARTFORD, CT.

Life and Endowment Policies of every description issued. All Policies Non-Forfeitable by their terms. Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution plan.

Care in the selection of risks, economy, and a prudent investment of its funds, are the determined purpose of the managers of this Company.

AGENTS WANTED.  
T. W. RUSSELL, E. W. PARSONS, Pres't.

A. M. WARD,  
Gen'l Ag't for Conn., Mass. and Vermont.

CONTINENTAL  
Life Insurance Co.OF NEW YORK.  
Offices: 26 Nassau St., cor. Cedar.

OFFICERS:  
JUSTUS LAWRENCE, President.  
M. B. WYNKOOP, Vice-President.  
J. P. ROGERS, Secretary.  
S. C. CHANDLER, Jr., Actuary.  
E. HERRICK, M.D., Med. Examiner.

DIRECTORS:  
JAMES B. COLGATE, ... Trevor & Colgate, Bankers.  
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, ... Late Secretary of State.  
JUSTUS LAWRENCE, ... President.  
JOSEPH T. SANGER, ... Merchant, 45 Liberty Street.  
REV. HENRY C. FISH, D.D., Newark, New Jersey.  
RICHARD W. BOGART, of O. M. Bogart & Co., Bankers.  
LUTHER W. FROST, ... New York.

No. of Policies issued in 1869, . . . 8,778  
Total " " to Dec. 1, 1869, 20,375  
Increase of 1869 over 1868, Policies, 2,772  
Assets, Dec. 31, 1869, . . . \$3,500,102 00

CONTINENTAL  
Life Insurance Co.OF  
HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, One &amp; Three-quarter Millions

INCORPORATED 1862.

## THE ORIGINAL "CONTINENTAL."

Dividends to Policy-holders on the percentage plan.  
Extra Risks Pay Extra Premiums.  
No Days of Grace Allowed.

SAMUEL E. ELMORE, President.  
JAMES S. PARSONS, Vice-Prest.  
F. D. DOUGLAS, Secretary.  
H. R. MORLEY, Actuary.  
P. M. HASTINGS, M. D., Med. Examiner.

COMMONWEALTH  
LIFE INSURANCE CO.

178 BROADWAY, N. Y.

OFFICERS:  
J. B. PEARSON, President.  
JOHN PIERPONT, Vice-President.  
F. E. MORSE, Secretary.  
A. HUNTINGTON, M. D., Med. Examiner.

All Policies issued by the Commonwealth are contestable from the date of issue, and are free from restrictions on travel.  
It permits residence anywhere without extra charge, except between Latitude 32 North and the Tropic of Capricorn.

All Policies are non-forfeitable and participate in the profits of the Company unless otherwise specified.

Thirty days' grace allowed on each payment, and the Policy held good during that time.

Dividends are declared annually upon all Policies that have been in force a full year, and are available on payment of the next annual premium.

DIRECTORS:  
JOHN L. BROWNE, Banker, 28 Broad Street.  
WALTER R. BLAKE, Brooklyn, New York.  
CHAS. F. DAVENPORT, Lockwood & Davenport, Bankers.  
FRANCIS E. MORSE, New Jersey.  
J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Dabney, Morgan & Co., Bankers.  
JAMES B. PEARSON, President.  
JULIUS R. POMEROY, Chambers & Pomeroy, Attorneys.  
JOHN PIERPONT, Vice-President.  
SETH E. THOMAS, American Clock Company.  
ARCHIBALD TURNER, Turner Bros., Bankers.

The Connecticut  
MUTUAL  
LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, Jan. 1st, 1870, - \$27,566,479.26  
Total Death-Claims paid to date, - \$9,671,875.26  
Total Amount of Insurance Outstanding, over - \$177,000,000.00  
Dividend payable to its members in 1870, - \$2,300,000.00

This Company is characterized by great economy in management; careful selection of lives; and by highly profitable results from its investments; and it grants all desirable forms of Life Insurance upon strictly equitable terms, and at the cheapest attainable rates of cost.

DUNHAM & SHERMAN,  
Gen. Ag'ts for New York, Long Island & New Jersey.  
No. 194 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Agents Wanted—Apply as above.

EMPIRE MUTUAL  
Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

No. 139 BROADWAY.

OFFICERS:  
President, G. HILTON SCRIBNER. Vice-President, GEORGE W. SMITH.  
Secretary, SIDNEY W. CROFUT. Actuary, LEM'L H. WATERS.  
Medical Examiner, THOS. K. MARCY, M. D. Supt. of Agencies, EVERETT CLAPP.

ORGANIZED APRIL 3 1869.  
SUCCESS THE CRITERION OF EXCELLENCE.

The EMPIRE MUTUAL has achieved a success almost unprecedented in the history of Life Insurance.

No. of Policies Issued - - 3,349.  
Covering in Risks, - \$7,813,850.00.  
Premiums, - - - \$369,047.23.  
Assets, over - - - \$350,000.00

ECONOMICAL  
MUTUAL  
Life Insurance Co.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The only Life Insurance Company of Rhode Island. Premiums Non-Forfeitable from the First Payment. Officers of the Army and Navy Insured without Extra Charge. Policies Issued on the Lives of Females at Table Rates.

OFFICE FOR EASTERN NEW YORK:  
157 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

W. T. OKIE, General Agent.  
SIMON S. BUCKLIN, Pres't.  
C. G. KNIGHT, Vice-Pres't.  
WM. Y. POTTER, Secretary.

GUARDIAN  
Mutual Life Ins. Co.

251 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Assets, . . . \$2,000,000

All Approved Forms of Insurance Issued.

All Policies Non-forfeitable by their terms.

Liberal Modes for the Payment of Premiums.

## ANNUAL DIVIDENDS.

The entire profits of the company will be divided equitably among the Insured.

W. H. PECKHAM, President.  
WM. T. HOOKER, Vice-President.  
L. MCADAM, Secretary.

JOHN HANCOCK  
MUTUAL  
Life Insurance Co.

BOSTON, MASS.

(Organized as the exponent of the Massachusetts "Non-Forfeiture" Law.)

Hon. GEO. P. SANGER, Pres't.  
GEORGE B. AGER, Secretary.  
ELIZUR WRIGHT, Actuary.

Dividends are declared annually, after the first payment, available immediately as Cash in payment of Premium, or to increase the amount of Insurance, at the option of the Insured. Six Dividends have been paid since the Company's organization in 1863, or ONE FOR EVERY YEAR OF BUSINESS.

All Policies Non-Forfeitable after ONE payment.  
All Cash Policies are entitled to a Paid-up Policy after ONE Payment.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Company will make contracts with Agents in this Agency, corresponding directly with them. For terms apply to

W. S. MANNING, General Agent,  
Branch Office, 155 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK CITY

HARTFORD  
Life & Annuity Ins. Co.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Assets, over Half-a Million Dollars.

PREMIUMS PAYABLE IN CASH.  
DIVIDENDS PAID IN CASH.  
LOSSES PAID IN CASH.

Interest Bearing Policies,  
SIX PER CENT. COMPOUND INTEREST  
Send for a Pamphlet.

W. GRISWOLD, Pres't. J. P. TAYLOR, Sec'y.  
D. F. SEYMOUR, Vice-Pres't.  
H. E. VALENTINE, Sup't of Agencies.

Active and Reliable Agents Wanted.

THE  
HAHNEMANN  
LIFE INS. CO.

OF CLEVELAND, OHIO.

H. M. CHAPIN, PRESIDENT.

NON-FORFEITABLE Policies, with liberal conditions.  
Low all-cash rates, with annual cash dividends on the contribution plan — economical in its management, and progressive — combine to make this Company popular with the public, and easy for agents to work.

J. F. CRANK, L. D. CORTRIGHT,  
Sec'y. Vice-Pres't.

GEO. EMMET HALL, M. D., Med. Exam.

Knickerbocker  
LIFE INSURANCE CO.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:

NO. 161 BROADWAY.

Assets, May, 1870, - \$7,550,000.00

Ann'l Income for 1869, 5,041,000.00

Total amount insured, 70,000,000.00

New Policies issued in 1869, 9,040

ERASTUS LYMAN, President.  
GEO. T. SNIFFEN, Secretary.

E. W. DERBY, M. D., Cons'g Physician.

THE MUTUAL  
Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK,

Nos. 144 &amp; 146 BROADWAY.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

Cash Assets, - \$45,000,000  
Invested in Loans on Bond and Mortgage, or United States Stocks.

Issues every approved description of Life and Endowment Policies on selected lives, at MODERATE RATES, returning all surplus annually to the Policy-holders, to be used either in payment of premiums, or to purchase additional insurance, at the option of the assured.

OFFICERS:  
RICHARD A. McCURDY, Vice-Prest.  
JOHN M. STUART, Secretary.  
F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary.  
SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.  
LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

**THE MUTUAL  
LIFE  
INSURANCE COMPANY,  
OF CHICAGO.**

OFFICE IN COMPANY'S BUILDING,  
79 AND 81 WELLS STREET.

ASSETS \$500,000,  
Securely Invested according to law.  
\$105,000 Deposited with Treasurer of State.

All Policies Non-Forfeitable. All Policies Endowments. No restrictions upon travel or residence. All standard forms of Policies issued. Terms liberal. Security unexcelled.

OFFICERS:  
MERRIL LADD, Pres't. STEWART MARKS, Sec'y.  
EDWIN W. BRYANT, Consulting Actuary.

Active and reliable Agents wanted.

**MICHIGAN  
MUTUAL  
LIFE INSURANCE CO.**

Office, 93 GRISWOLD ST., DETROIT.

This Company was organized to secure the benefits of a high rate of interest, and for the retention of Capital in the West.

\$100,000 STATE DEPOSIT.

JOHN J. BAGLEY, Pres't. JAS. C. WATSON, Actuary.  
J. S. FARRAND, V.-Pres't. L. M. THAYER, Gen. Agt.  
JOHN T. LIGGETT, Sec'y. D. O. FARRAND, M. D.

Its manner of dealing with policy-holders is just and honorable. Its policy-holders are benefited by the high rates of interest. Its losses are paid in 60 days after receipt of proofs. It issues policies only on the CASH plan. Its risks are all carefully selected. It has no new or untried plans.

**MANHATTAN  
Life Insurance Co.**

OF NEW YORK.

Office: Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.

ORGANIZED A. D., 1850.

Assets, - - - \$7,500,000

Annual Income, - - - 2,500,000

Dividends are made on a Contribution Plan, and are paid annually, commencing on the payment of the second annual premium.

HENRY STOKES, President.  
J. L. HALSEY, Sec. C. Y. WEMPLE, Vice-Pres't.  
H. Y. WEMPLE, Ass't Sec. S. N. STREBBINS, Actuary.

AGENTS WANTED.

**NEW ENGLAND  
Mutual  
Life Insurance Co.**

OF BOSTON.

(ORGANIZED IN - - - 1843.)

THE OLDEST MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

Cash Assets, - - - \$8,000,000.00

Every Description of Life and Endowment Policies Issued.  
All Policies Non-Forfeitable.

J. M. GIBBENS, Sec'y. B. F. STEVENS, Pres't.  
S. S. STEVENS, Agent,  
110 Broadway, New York.

**H I G H  
Reserve Fund,  
L O W  
Mortality Rate.**

*The Northwestern Mutual Life  
OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.*

Assets, - - \$9,000,000.

**PHœNIX  
Mutual Life Insurance Company  
OF HARTFORD, CONN.**

ASSETS, - - - \$5,500,000.

Issues all Forms of Life and Endowment Policies on ALL CASH or Half Note Plan.

Nearly all Restrictions on Business and Travel Removed.

Dividends have uniformly been fifty per cent. on the full amount of Premium paid.

Dividends may be applied to increase the Insurance, or to reduce the Premium, as the applicant may elect.

J. F. BURNS, E. FESSENDEN,  
Secretary, President.

Branch Office: 153 Broadway, N. Y.  
A. C. GOODMAN, Resident Director.

**REPUBLIC  
LIFE INSURANCE CO.,  
CHICAGO.**

NEW YORK OFFICE: 243 BROADWAY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$5,000,000.

H. LASSING, Manager.

OFFICERS:  
J. V. FARWELL, President.  
A. W. KELLOGG, Vice-President.  
PAUL CORNELL, Second Vice-Pres't.  
ORREN E. MOORE, Secretary.  
I. N. HARDIN, Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:  
J. V. FARWELL, ANSON STAGER,  
PAUL CORNELL, W. S. CARTER,  
CHAUNCEY T. BOWEN, L. N. HARDIN,  
C. R. FARWELL, T. M. AVERY,  
LEONARD SWETL, C. M. CADY,  
WILLIAM BROSS, W. T. ALLEN,  
F. D. GRAY, H. A. HURLBURT,  
A. C. HESING, GEO. C. SMITH,  
H. W. KING, A. B. MECKER,  
C. M. HENDERSON, S. M. MOORE,  
S. A. KENT, A. W. KELLOGG.

STOCK PLAN: LOW RATES.

"It is needless and expensive to pay out money or notes to a Life Insurance Company for the purpose only of having the same returned." — Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, late Superintendent Insurance Department of New York.

**RAILWAY  
PASSENGERS'**

ASSURANCE COMPANY  
OF HARTFORD, CT.

Issues Tickets of Insurance against

**ACCIDENTS.**

J. G. BATTERSON, Pres't. C. D. PALMER, Sec'y.

This Company has Paid in Losses

\$152,721.74 for \$990.70

Received in Premiums.

Cash Assets, - \$426,165.29.

**SAFETY  
DEPOSIT  
Life Insurance Co.  
OF CHICAGO.**

HON. JESSE K. DUBOIS, . . . President.

**ATLANTIC BRANCH:**

No. 161 Broadway, New York.

O. R. KINGSBURY, Pres't N. Y., Advisory Board.  
JAS. H. INGERSOLL, Vice-Pres't.  
S. E. SEYMOUR, General Manager.  
C. H. WELLS, Associate Manager.

The distinguishing features of this Company are: that it is the only Company compelled by Law to deposit with the State, semi-annually, its Re-insurance Reserve, thereby making it the model Company of the period, in the striking fact that all Policy-holders are absolutely secured by State custody and protection.

**UNITED STATES  
LIFE  
Insurance Company,  
48 WALL STREET,  
NEW YORK.**

INCORPORATED 1850.

Cash Assets, nearly \$4,000,000

The Principal Features of this Company are  
ABSOLUTE SECURITY,  
ECONOMICAL MANAGEMENT, and  
LIBERALITY to the INSURED

**ALL FORMS OF  
Life and Endowment Policies  
ISSUED.**

JOHN E. DE WITT, President.  
DANIEL W. LEEDS, Secretary.  
WM. D. WHITING, Actuary.

**NEW YORK  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

346 AND 348 BROADWAY.

Organized May 1845.

ASSETS, over \$13,000,000.

ANNUAL INCOME over \$6,000,000. NON-FORFEITURE PLAN originated by this Company. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE. PURELY MUTUAL—Policy-Holders receiving all the Profits. Dividends paid annually, available in settlement of second and all subsequent Annual Premiums. Cash Dividends paid Policy-Holders in 1869, more than one and a half million dollars.

New Policies issued in 1868, 9,105, ins'g \$30,765,947.  
1869, 10,717, " 34,465,303.

The following Tables concisely exhibit the progress of the Company during the past six years.

Received for Premiums, &c.	Accumulation of At-	Cash Dividends
1864, - \$1,729,810	- \$1,025,412	- \$93,555
1865, - 2,345,818	- 1,277,370	- 250,384
1866, - 3,088,804	- 1,990,043	- 282,224
1867, - 3,591,390	- 2,150,065	- 381,959
1868, - 4,978,280	- 1,841,069	- 1,255,865
1869, - 5,974,797	- 2,327,105	- 1,535,309
21,428,899	- 10,622,258	- 3,769,386

During the six years \$3,346 have been disbursed for losses, \$3,769,386 have been returned to Policy-Holders in Dividends, and yet the Assets exhibit an increase during that period of over ten and a half million dollars.

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

WM. H. BEERS, Vice-Pres't and Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.

**C. C. KIMBALL,**  
*General Agent for the above old and substantial Company for Connecticut.*

OFFICE: 240 MAIN STREET, HARTFORD.  
Active Agents Wanted. Apply as above.

**THE EQUITABLE  
Life Assurance Society**

OF THE UNITED STATES,

No. 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Assets, \$15,000,000.00

Annual Income, 7,500,000.00

PURELY MUTUAL. ANNUAL DIVIDENDS.

Sum Assured (new business) in 1870, about Ten Million Dollars in excess of any other Life Insurance Company in the world.

HENRY B. HYDE, WM. C. ALEXANDER,

Vice-President. President.

MABIE, TODD & CO.,  
(ESTABLISHED 1847)

MANUFACTURE

**Gold Pens and Cases,**

180 BROADWAY,

Factory 138 Wooster St., NEW YORK.

All Goods bearing our name warranted.

**WRIGHT & SMITH,  
MACHINE WORKS,**

2 to 6 ALLING ST.,

(Cor. Market St.) NEWARK, N. J.

WRIGHT & SMITH'S

IMPROVED VERTICAL ENGINES.

Something entirely new, and peculiarly desirable where an economical and effective Engine is required in a small space. Send for Catalogue.

"THE ALDINE PRESS."

JAMES SUTTON & Co., 23 Liberty St.,

NEW YORK.

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